



## Forgotten



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### Chapter 1 by Magdalene

7096

Imagine a city. Got it? Okay, now imagine it all techy. There we go. Times all the tech 36 and you'll get a vision of 7096, the year I live in. Yeah, I live by this city called Note. Thing is, I never have like any of that tech stuff. Sure, it's fun for a little bit but, at the end, I always turn back to my books. My brother and I live in the countryside . . . or what's left. Not too far from Note but it's enough space for us to breathe.

Now imagine a library. Add a couple stories, transparent fields for windows, and, instead of bookshelves and books, imagine tablets lying in order on tables that hover a few inches from the ground.

I run up the escalator as fast as I can, pushing past people and robots and then jump off. I ditch the moving sidewalks like I always did and hurry into the library on foot. I rush past the tables that are covered with tablets and Stars, ignoring the shouts from the mechanics.

Then, I make my way to the ancient part of the library. I open a door and stroll down an aisle without moving sidewalks. I breathe in the smell of paper and pages. The smell of actual books and printed words. The smell I adore.

Shelf after shelf, row after row, I finally see the counter and I rush up after glancing at the old

fashioned clock. I slam my books down on the desk and I know that hidden scanners are checking my books from under it.

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"Feel free to choose another book, if you want to. I'll be here tomorrow."

I grin and look around the library, the forgotten section of the modern part. "I will. Thank you, Mr. Stevenson."

"You're welcome." He replies and the speakers click off.

I run down the aisles, my eyes scanning books that no one knows exist. Honestly, I am the only person who appreciates books. There's only one other person I know of besides Mr. Stevenson and that's his grandson. But he never comes until the dead of night.

I grab a book called The Silver Chair from the series, the Chronicles of Narnia. No one knows what these books are nowadays. Mr. Stevenson said that they were popular in the 1900s. But since that is thousands of years ago, no one cares.

After grabbing a few more books, I tuck them under my arm and hurry out of the room, the sensors feeling the books and checking it out. And then I ran. I ran all the way out of town and into the forgotten countryside and away from the city.

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